Tarrytown, N. Y., July 28, '78.

My Dear Friend:

Frank has forwarded to me your two postal cards, with reference to the death and interment of all that was mortal of your beloved father. When I last saw him, his dissolution seemed evidently so near that I was expecting to hear from you, at a much earlier period, that the struggle was over and the patient sufferer at rest; and not having done so, I was cherishing the hope that a change (of course, in such an extremity a wonderful change) for the better had taken place, making his convalescence a possible event. You must have all been surprised that he lingered so long; and inasmuch as his case was beyond all medical skill, you could not have desired him to remain longer in the body.

Still, such a separation is the sharpest of all bereavements; and you all have my deepest sympathies.

I very much regret that I was not able to be at the funeral services; especially as I recall the conversation we had together on the subject when I last saw you. It would have afforded me sincere pleasure, had I been present on the occasion, to have borne my testimony to the high personal worth of your dear father, his pure and exemplary life, the many admirable traits that he possessed, his unswerving conscientiousness and fidelity to his own convictions of right, his moral clearsightedness and independence, and his high standard of rectitude in all the relations and duties of life; but I hope you had some one to testify in this manner, though indeed it was not what the unaffected and ever conspicuous modesty of your father

would have desired. He neither sought the praises nor feared the frowns of his fellow-men; yet he was not insensible to the esteem of the wise and good, and as far as practicable, without sacrificing principle, he wished to avoid giving offence even to the froward. He was ever the steadfast friend, the courteous gentleman, the philosophic thinker. As an educator he touched and guided many minds, and accomplished an important work, to be more or less extended and enhanced by those who were so fortunate as to come under his instruction. His portrait is well delineated in those memorable lines of Sir Henry Wotton, commencing

"How happy is he born ~~and~~ or taught,
Who serveth not another's will" — &c.

What he was as a husband and father, neither your stricken mother nor you bereaved children need to be assured. Think of him as still being with you, though unseen.

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I have been passing a fortnight here in a most charming location and on a very beautiful estate with my beloved daughter Fanny and her family, but expect to return home in a day or two for the purpose of accompanying Frank on an excursion to Mount Desert and other parts of Maine. As soon as I can get an opportunity to call and see you, I shall hasten to do so. In the mean time, desiring to be most kindly and tenderly remembered to your mother, and your brother and sister, I remain,

Yours in affliction as in joy,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P. S. Fanny joins me in every expression of sympathy and esteem contained in this letter to you all as a family. I regret it so happened that none of my children were able to attend the funeral.

Miss Bella Mack.